The Calumet BOILERMAKER

"THE VOICE OF THE STUDENTS - - BY THE STUDENTS"

Vol. 10—No. 3 | PURDUE UNIVERSITY CALUMET CENTER, HAMMOND, INDIANA | Friday, November 30, 1962

Purdue To Publish Studies

Recent Research To Be Published

By JOHN SUIKOLA

Purdue University Studies will soon publish in its Humanities Series (a college paperback series) Dr. Tuckey's study of Mark Twain's creative work upon the short novel which he called **"The Mysterious Stranger.** This story is generally considered to be Twain's most important piece of fiction of his later years. He wrote several versions of it, but did not publish the tale during his lifetime. In 1916, six years after his death, it was published after extensive editing by his biographer and literary executor, Albert Paine.

The Mysterious Stranger has been regarded as a highly important key to a full understanding of what happened to Mark Twain and to his literary work in his last years. It has been thought that the author, brought to despair by financial misfortunes and personal tragedies (including the death of his most beloved daughter Susy), had suffered a writing block, but that in composing **The Mysterious Stranger** he had written his way out of this impasse and restored his creative ability.

With the aid of grants from the Purdue Research Foundation for the summers of 1961 and 1962, Dr. Tuckey studied the three original manuscript versions of **The Mysterious Stranger.** His study established the chronology of Twain's work upon these versions and showed the flow of his creative effort upon them over an eleven-year period (1897-1908). The findings are considerably different from what had previously been assumed about the chronology of Twain's work upon the manuscripts. It appears that the findings of Dr. Tuckey's study do not support the view that Twain lost his literary talent and then regained it by writing the published form of the novel. Other explanations for the pessimistic outlook and the tortured complexity of his later work will probably have to be sought.

The book will probably be published within the next several months and may be called "Mark Twain and Little Satan: the Writing of **The Mysterious Stranger.**" Twain's story features a miracle-performing boy-angel, unfallen but named after his uncle, Satan; the title is thus explained.

Construction of Buildings Proceeding On Schedule

For eleven months now students and staff have been dodging construction equipment, fighting through congested hallways and disturbed by noise and dirt. Fortunately, each day brings the end nearer and with it an educational facility geared to the specific needs of Purdue Calumet Campus.

Now that the building is all enclosed progress is not so evident. Nonetheless, behind the walls, things are moving on well. Plastering is finished in many rooms; heating and air conditioning units are being placed; ceilings are being hung. Before long floors will start to be laid and walls will begin to be painted. Laboratory furniture will begin to arrive and be set in place.

Parts of the new structure will be placed in use with the beginning of the second semester. Students—slow ones or ones with no problems—who are just now learning where their counselors or some of their teachers have offices will have to start learning all over again. The new faculty offices in the wing across the front will be the first part of the building available. And for

(Continued to Page Six)

Pi Sigma Kappa Halloween Jamboree

by John Erikson

Dracula appeared at 8:30 sharp, for the Pi Sigma Kappa Halloween Jamboree last Oct. 27. He and Lady Dracula felt right at home among the other weird creatures at the dance. Other guests included a dancing cigarette package, match book, two black furry monsters doing the monster mash, and two Castros complete with beards and cigars. And if there's anything worse than one Castro, it's two Castros!

The crowd stomped, twisted, and waltzed to the music of the Blue Notes until 11:00. Then, of course, the band had to pack up and go back to Transylvania before the piano turned into a pumpkin at midnight. All kidding aside—the band was really great! I am glad to report that several people went up after the dance and congratulated the band. This shows that either the band was great, or that some Purdue students have especially good manners.

Many people enjoyed bobbing for apples at the dance. The tub leaked, and the water was cold and wet, but the apples were delicious. At 8:00 there was a quarter bushel of them; the last one disappeared about 11:00.

At 10:00 the prize for the best costume was awarded. This was a hard decision to make because there were so many good costumes.

Finally Jim Hopp and Sue Napierala, as Dracula and Lady Dracula were chosen. It was obvious that the couple had gone to considerable trouble with their costumes. They were equipped with black Vampire-type capes, and surprisingly realistic fangs and blood stains around their mouths. They received the album "From the Vault" as advertised on WLS radio.

Pi Sigma Kappa

Pi Sigma Kappa is the Girls Club of Purdue Calumet. I would like to take this opportunity to tell the students of P.U.C.C., especially the co-eds, what the purpose of our club is and how it is presently fulfilling that purpose.

The Constitution of the club states that the club has three main purposes:

1.) To promote the general welfare of the women students here at Purdue Calumet.

2.) To promote, in the interest of acquiring a collegiate atmosphere, all activities here at the center.

3.) To further the student appreciation of the privileges & benefits they have at Purdue.

Our most important purpose is the first one listed—to serve the co-eds of P.U.C.C. To fulfill such a demand, the coeds must have interest in Pi Sigma Kappa. This organization is one in which the members can directly help themselves.

Pi Sigma Kappa carries out the purposes of the club in many ways. Student interest in college activities is stimulated by the cheerleaders, who are sponsored by our club. Pi Sigma Kappa furnishes the skirts and letters and transportation for the entire group of cheerleaders. This year there are eight cheerleaders, all of who are just dying to lead the crowds at this year's basketball games. But if records repeat last years, we will soon find that the "crowds" at games don't exist. Although it is difficult to attend afternoon and week-night games, the turn-out for the week-ends should be large. Both the team and our cheerleaders need your support, so let's back them all the way!

In the interests of the co-eds at Purdue Calumet, the girls of Pi Sigma Kappa are trying to secure something to hang coats on in the Cassino. The situation in this place is terrible in reference to places to hang co-eds' coats. One can hardly move in the Cassino without stepping on a coat, sitting on a coat, or having a heavy coat fall on ones head. Some may ask, "Why don't the co-eds abandon the cassino and come down to the lounge?" First of all, there aren't enough coatracks in the lounge for the guys, let alone the girls. Second, the girls tried last year as a group to leave the cassino and spend their time in the lounge. The Eds wouldn't have it, and Co-ed Corner soon disappeared. The girls were forced to retreat to the cassino where they still are today.

Lastly, I would like to a few things about the club itself. It meets every Wednesday at 12:15 P.M. in Room 4. Any P.U.C.C. female student is welcome to attend the meetings. The officers are Lynn McGreger, President; Rea Anderson, Vice President; Sharon Holmes, treasurer; and Diana Dearth, Secretary. Although it may sound so, this club is not a sorority; therefore, no restrictions are placed on membership in other organizations.

I hope this has cleared up any questions in regard to Pi Sigma Kappa. We hope to see all the co-eds at our next regularly scheduled meeting.

P. Simone Kappa

An Editorial!

Our Contribution of Pseudo-Adults

From results obtained from some behind the scenes research, I have concluded that the students attending Purdue Calumet are a bunch of irresponsible pseudo-adults. They are rowdy, unmannerly, and generally ignorant to any educational benefits the school may have to offer.

To cite an example of student childishness I ask anyone at anytime to appraise the condition of the student lounge. The condition of the tables and chairs resulted from treatment these "adults" subjected them to. Actual garbage may be seen in piles around any waste receptacle. Fun-loving "college students" are just too lazy and inconsiderate to put their waste in its proper place. At the present time I wonder why these "future leaders" actually take their valuable time to use the washrooms—the lounge seems a more fitting place.

Student rowdiness may be shown by two very recent events. One group of rather low grade morons found it necessary to drink themselves full of liquor while littering our parking lot with bottles and beer cans. Another such group thought it very funny to turn a telephone. This prank caused electrical wiring to be ripped from phone booth door against the wall, while a student was using the the wall and an electrical short throughout a large section of the building. Aren't these "tricks" grownup and educational?

Students here seem to remain in a world of educational ignorance throughout their attendance. They fail as responsible citizens, fail to support social and athletic events, and ignore wholesome activities some students help to provide. Although Purdue Calumet has almost 1900 full-time "students" and about 1000 part-time people, the support of student activities is disgusting. The **Boilermaker** has only around ten really active members, the Gables Club, which to me is a very excellent fine arts club, has only around eight active members. These meager numbers are also exhibited in other activities. The Student Congress has only 60% representation from the organized campus clubs; dances at the campus are attended by many non-Purdue people. During the basketball season there is usually only around (average for 1961-62 season) 36 people in attendance. In student elections scarcely 15% of the eligible voters take time to vote.

What do these "pseudo-adults" do with their time? They slouch around the lounge talking of such lofty topics as drag-racing, drinking, sex, and cars! In the halls they spend their time smoking and again discoursing on left-over lounge topics. This seems to me to be a rather disgusting outlook for any college campus, but this is a picture of this campus!

In thinking of the overwhelming proof I have offered to prove the irresponsibility of the student body of this school, I challenge **anyone** including those who agree or disagree with me to write an answer and mail it to me % **Calumet Boilermaker.** Until then I maintain we have at Purdue Calumet a generation of pseudo-adults.

Bruce Siecker
Editor-in-chief
Calumet Boilermaker

It Costs You, Brother

When a student enters PUCC as a regular full-time student, he pays a $3.00 activity fee. This fee is used to pay for **your** school activities such as the **Boilermaker.**

The money is allotted according to the needs and size of each organization. Although the **Boilermaker** is supported by its many wonderful advertisers, the cost of the paper is too much to handle alone. On an average it costs $120-$150 to publish just one issue of the **Boilermaker.** That's your money, friend! Don't you think you should have some say in how the newspaper is run?

Become a **Boilermaker** staff member now! We need the help, and you will be able to see and control how your money is spent!

The Calumet
BOILERMAKER

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New Policy Established

In our effort to more fully cover news events at Purdue, the **Boilermaker** has adopted a new policy in regard to club news.

We urge all clubs to appoint or elect a publicity officer to handle their public affairs. In helping to rejuvenate the **Boilermaker,** we would like all publicity to be submitted to our office in typed-form by the individual clubs. All requests for photographs should be cleared by our staff photographers or through a note in our **new library box.**

Although we are trying to cover all clubs equally, this newspaper is firmly in support of major Student Congress policies. With this in mind we now announce that any organization not formally represented in the Student Congress will not receive coverage by our paper. I hope that through this measure the clubs will be stimulated to fulfill their obligations to their members, to the **Boilermaker,** and to the Student Congress.

Editor-in-Chief

The Commuter

(We have received the following from a member of the student body and print it for the benefit of our readers, not as our viewpoint!)

Hello draft dodgers. This is the voice of the dregs, a report of a sore breed of students most of whom traverse daily from their homes to PUCC. A few of those who don't commute have been seen creeping into the Extension's extension to sack out on an I-beam after the workmen have left. Others have been found in the morning under library tables where they had slipped undetected the evening before after being stymied by Purdue's perplexing women problem.

My aim is not only to fill empty space on this rag, but also to inform "Extensioneers" of the daily college happenings—construction cave ins, radioactivity count on various floors, etc.

This edition will be devoted to divulging some of the various turpitudes and scandals around school.

Our biggest problem at present is the deceitful vending machines operated by the cafeteria syndicate, who have been indicted on other counts of watering down coffee, netting Deep-Sea Doodles in shallow water, hiring child labor and selling meat on Firdays.

The risk taken in using their milk dispenser is greater than that of operating a slot machine. As a novice you have less than a 50-50 chance of getting anything but grief from this one-dialed bandit. However, if you are alert, you will soon develop an adroitness enabling you to get as many as 3 drinks for your dime that can be sold at a profit, thus making up for your previous losses. Such manipulation is looked down on by the syndicate and can only be employed after hours, or with the aid of a decoy to block view of the maneuver.

Next are those disparaging people who picture themselves as stunt-drivers take advantage of your confusion to snatch up the parking place you are jockeying into near the reserved line. His battle-scared machine is easily recognized, being over ten years old (a must for this game), equiped with nerf bars and moon disks and bearing sings like—Go Man! Go! and Back off Jack! Action reaches a peak a few minutes after the first bell has rung when there is a wild stampede to the cafeteria for a cup of bracer tonic before that eye-opening first class. But, get in there and play the game. After all, what's a bent fender between friends?

Lastly, there are also a few traps that I feel we should all be aware of. Namely, mystic telephone boothes that mysteriously trap its occupant by rotating until the doors face the wall, hall blockades that develop on the spur of the moment and react like a Venus Fly Trap of the unsuspecting co-ed. (Enjoy it girls, we're friendly.) Finally there are those gay lads who plod through crowded corridors swinging T-squares. The only defense is a jab in their middle with your slippery-stick.

Good luck Boilermakers! Come to my office in between classes at the "Bluebird" if you need any advice.

The Commuter

Gentlemen Here?

P.U.C.C. coeds have said that the men at PURDUE are not gentlemen. How do you feel about this charge?

This was the question asked by this reporter of many students at P.U.C.C. this past week. The results are, in my opinion, normal.

The first comment, expressed by **Larry Beck,** is one that was expressed by many of the men: "What coeds?" A truly defensive statement came from **Dave Cianchetti:** "They're all wrong man."

Let us move now to the offense, the girls. A typical-mistreated-girl type of remark came from Frosh Senator **Sue Sable:** "True, true . . . true, true, true." There were many of the sweet and shy girls like **Pat Zywot** who, when asked for comment, said: "I don't wanna say nothin.' " Some girls always answer questions in a puzzling way. **Nancylee Richmond** gave this answer: "HA! HA! HA! (then a high-pitched, shriekish, giggle), Man number one is not man number two." If some of you need an explanation for that #1 and #2 business, I suggest that you see Dr. Hartman.

Let's hear some more serious statements now. **Dr. Wilson,** a popular faculty member, had this to say: "I think they're (the girls) right." One thing that provokes this statement is that Dr. Wilson seldom secs a boy opening a door for a lady. **Bill Lange** thinks "that most of them (the boys) are gentlemen but rather shy." A humorously serious comment comes from **Pat Catullo:** "There are not enough girls at P.U.C.C. for the boys to practice chivalry." **Bob Justak** said: "If the girls would act and SIT (he emphasized 'sit') like ladies in the lounge, maybe the men would act like gentlemen."

Coed **Carolyn Baker** summed it up for the offense by saying: "I would comment but I don't use that kind of language."

Bruce Jones summed up the boys' side . . . "Not guilty."

Take a Hint, Friend!

Surprisingly enough, I am the type of person who, when he sees something he doesn't like, complains only to himself, rarely to anyone else and certainly never in print. However, there is always a time for the exception. Without a doubt there are a countless number of problems that need to be solved in this institute of learning. There is always the teacher-pupil feud in its many forms, lack of school facilities, and always criticism of how things are managed in general. Such problems are always present and never completely corrected. My own concern is with a less apparent problem; yet quite probably it is far more serious than all the others. College is a temporary thing. Feuds and criticisms and even an interest in college will pass once the years of classroom education are over. Knowledge is something that always remains, and with it should be culture.

If all of us at Purdue were studying to be real Boilermakers in life, it would be almost understandable that the word "culture" would have no place in our vocabulary, much less a meaning in our lives. Fortunately that is not the case; Purdue's Boilermakers are students in all fields of education. But education is not entirely a classroom affair. All the time you hear your teachers tell you that you are adults and the matter of your education is entirely up to you. But what are you doing about it? Are you passing your exams, doing all your homework, are you on friendly terms with your teachers? Is that the extent of your education? Where does culture come into your life? Using a good dictionary definition of culture as a taste in fine arts, humanities, and broad aspects of science—distinguished from vocational, technical or professional skill or knowledge—is it a part of your own self-disciplined education?

When I came to Purdue, I was led to believe that I was in the company of scholars (according to my admissions letter and freshman orientation speaches). But it seems that if such a company of scholars ever existed in the student body, it dissolved sometime ago. The teaching staff (with exceptions) is such a group of scholars, but it seems only natural that if the student body isn't a group of scholars also (at least trying to be scholars during their college lives), then the faculty can't really teach, they must inflict their knowledge on us. We should want to learn (not just "make grades"), but to do this there should exist an intellectual atmosphere in this school. Now I am waiting for a hundred and one voices to shout at me, "I'm doing alright in my studies and I don't need an atmosphere to study in!" Of course you don't. That is only the beginning. An intellectual atmosphere doesn't make grades for you, but it does make you want to think. It makes you want to indulge in something more than physical action. And that is where culture comes in. Culture is something that betters your life; helps you appreciate and understand the beauty in living. It is the furtherment of classroom learning.

We have a club (The Gables), supposedly a cultural club. It is the only cultural club on the campus of 1800 students. It has about 10 members, a minute fraction of the campus population. Now if every student all of a sudden wanted "culture" and joined the club you can imagine the sight of PUCC's student body flooding the Art Institute on a Sunday "field trip". In other words, there are other ways of attaining culture. First of all, we have decided that it is entirely up to the individual. Secondly, we are all sure that Chicago is very near. Therefore, the problem is solved. Most of the museums are free and always open. There are always good plays, art films (not to mention foreign "art" films), cabaret and improvisation theaters, and a number of ballet, folk singing, and poetry series going on in the Chicago area. Finance may be a problem, but many of the poetry and theater series are conducted at near-by colleges that have cultural programs and admission to these programs is usually free. Although PUCC has broken the old proverb of "the school is built around its library" there are several large libraries in this area; and remember D. H. Lawrence's (Lady Chatterley's Lover) and Henry (Tropic of Cancer) Miller's works are considered literature! Culture is one of the spices in the variety of our life. I have given you a few suggestions on attaining culture and if I were your teacher, I would say, "It's up to you," but since I am only a fellow student I will say, "Take the hint, friend!"

—David Meyer

Our Shy Critics

A college paper is not simply four or six sheets of newstock filled with newsprint. It is an idea, a spirit. It is a reflection of the college in which it is published. A poor paper reflects an unflourishing, apathetic student and faculty body. A good paper represents an alert, interested and interesting student and faculty body.

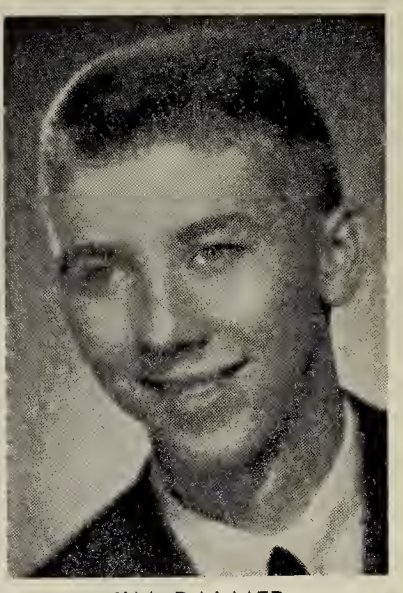
Or, another metaphor. You care how you dress. If you have clothes suitable for a particular occasion, you wear them. But how many college students realize that their paper, if it is poor, can be just as bad a reflection on them as slovenly dress? Many an outsider's knowledge of a school depends almost solely on what he reads in the newspaper of that school. The newspaper, whether he himself realizes it or not, makes a definite and often lasting impression on him.

We feel—we hope on the basis of objective evidence—that the **Boilermaker** is a good newspaper as college papers go. But we are beginning to feel a certain alarm—not over the criticism that we happen to hear in the halls, in the cafeteria, in the lounge. Rather, we are worried by the fact that none of this criticism of our work reaches us in the form of written comments which we could print here for all to read.

For instance, a criticism often heard is that the paper is run by a clique interested only in advancing its own schemes. Yet, though the **Boilermaker** holds open meetings every Friday at noon in Room 25 and though it has announced more than once that letters to the editor are more than welcome, nobody has turned up in Room 25, nobody has written us a letter, to protest our supposed "cliquishness."

What are we to conclude? Only two alternatives offer themselves. Either that the criticism is unfounded—simply a kind of irresponsible griping. Or that persons sensitive enough to the practices of journalism to see into what may be a real defect of the paper are willing to let this defect continue unprotested and unremedied. Are willing to be "represented" by a paper they truly feel to be unrepresentative. And—this makes the whole case all the more astonishing—many of our student critics have paid their own hard-earned cash to help keep this paper going—in the Activity Fee which the University exacts from each full-time student.

It is time for criticism of the **Boilermaker** to cease for good, or for this criticism to become open and effective in the form of visits to our weekly meetings or letters to the editor. Every time you constructively criticize the paper without letting us know directly of your complaint, you help to misrepresent the very college you attend. Let's have some action! Pride enough in Purdue Calumet Campus to give it a good showing in this community through the **Boilermaker!** If a college paper is not the spirit of the school, it is nothing.



JIM PALMER

by Eileen Ritthaller

If you ever need to find Jim Palmer just look in room 210. You are bound to find him there working very diligently on his school subjects or throwing darts at pictures.

Jim is a Soph here at PUCC and is presently majoring in Electrical Engineering. He plans a career in electronics or in education. He graduated from Oliver P. Morton High School.

As President of the Student Congress, Jim has many progressive ideas to better PUCC. Presently he is planning to make the student activity fee apply to all students, including part-time students. "Seeing as how the aetivity fee is distributed among all clubs and many part-time students join these clubs, I feel that they should help support them. In doing this we will be following the practices of the other centers. A system that will be fair to all will be worked out by Mr. Hubbard and Dr. Elliot. Also, if this does go through, the part-time students will have a representation in the student council."

Mr. Palmer feels that the biggest problem here at PUCC is the lack of interest of students and their lack of participation. He thinks this can be corrected by increased and more interesting activities and by giving the student body more of a voice in the student council.

Many changes have occurred this year to benefit the students thanks to Jim and the Student Council. Some examples are: 1) extension of the student parking lot in the east bay, which was formerly reserved for faculty; 2) card playing will be allowed in one section of the lounge, if all of the rules are followed; and 3) a student court may be instituted for parking violations so that the students can defend themselves if they are innocent.

Everyone on the "Boilermaker" staff wishes the best to Jim and hope he fulfills all of his future plans.

A philosophy teacher one day asked his class, "What do you have, epistemologically speaking, when you have the four Aristotelian elements — earth, air, fire, annd water?"

Not a hand was raised. A puzzled look swept across the class.

"Come now," said the professor, a little irritated, "what do you have when you have earth, air, fire, and water?"

After another minute of silence, a student in the back row finally raised his hand.

"Yes, Mr. Smith?"

"Hot mud, sir?"

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For: Luncheon and Dinners
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"Dear Ladies"

Good afternoon ladies. I supposed many of you have been wondering just what I have been doing for the past month. Well, when it was decided that our club would make the costumes for the community benefit, I asked the Chairman, if instead, I could do some research on Home Economics. Mother was immediately thrilled at the idea and sent me hustling to the library. Therefore, while you ladies threaded, stitched and sewed I composed this brief report on the history of Home Economics, and tonight I should like tell you some of the things I found, because many of them are most uninteresting.

It seems, the first evidence of Home Economics appeared in primitive times with the F.C.B.E.: The Future Cave Builders of Europa. These women were given the task of keeping the caves free of garbage and wild animals while the men were out discovering things like the spear, the bow and arrow and fire. As the years progressed due to receding seas and receding hairlines, the forehead grew allowing more room for intelligence. These people discovered that instead of sweeping the floor with one hand, a larger area could be covered by dragging someone over it. Thus, thrilled by their new invention we see prehistoric man clubbing one another and dragging each other throughout the countryside for the next 200,000 years. As the idea grew it became discovered by Cavus Broomus that the size of the person had a lot to do with the sweeping of certain areas. If Cavus had to sweep the living room he could do it faster with his wife, Pusshhus. And if the job was confined to a small spot, it could be done easier with his son Whiskus. This is attributed as one of the finest inventions by the cave man, in that it has survived to the present day. I'm sure many of you have at one time or another needed the aid of a Push Broom or a Whisk Broom.

Following this, outside of Clean-Up week, we don't find any major changes in the world until 69 B.C. with the founding of the F.P.B.E.: The Future Pyramid Builders of Egypt. These women were led by Cleopatra, the president of the club and also ruler of Egypt. Besides building pyramids and establishing dynasties these women found time to invent the stocking cap because their men were forever putting their foot in their mouth. Cleo's best friend was Rhemses Mexsphinxus, the Egyptian jack of all trades. She showed her appreciation by having a statue built in his honor, which today is still present but its name has been shortened to just plain Sphinx. Cleopatra was quite proud of her position and was known for her jealousies. Thus, when Marcus Antonius was elected president of the F.P.B.E. that following November, Cleopatra schemed to regain her position. She set about to invent an insecticide that would rid the country of its pests and send Marcus Antonius to ROME-in. But alas, during one of her experiments Cleopatra was stung by the evil asp and died. Egypt mourned her death and the club was banished by the conquering Roman armies, who had set up a new club house in the tomb of Hepnotep.

The Romans couldn't do anything because they were busy trying to prevent the ever popular decline. Ceasar learned of this oncoming decline from his wife, Cornelius and tried to find Switzerland, a place where he could seek political assylum. It is not known whether or not Caesar found Switzerland because of his unexpected death during a mumbly-peg game, while celebrating the Ides of March. This seemed to hinder any further advances by the Roman women. Oh, a club was organized by Fulvia Nero, but Fulvia couldn't appropriate enough money to keep the club on its feet. This was due to the irresponsible actions of her husband, who ditched Senate and preferred to fiddle around.

Yes, it seemed as if the work of these heoric women was to be lost forever, because all hope of light soon burned out with the oncoming Dark Ages. Oh, there was the F.C.M.E.: The Future Candlestick Makers of Europe and an occasional witch burning, but for the majority of the time these activities were kept in the dark.

Having had enough of the Dark Ages and tyrannical rule the women of Spain took protest against the Inquisition and the efforts sparked off a burning unrivaled for centuries to come. Once again these were dwendled down to mere few. Therefore, in 1492 the F.S.B.S.: The Future Ship Builders of Spain consisted of three charter members, Nina, Pinta and Santa Maria. Seeing that there wasn't any chance for equality and rights in Spain they stole aboard the three ships of a wondering explorer, old round round world Chris Columbus. They were soon discovered as stowaways and put to work as ship's cooks. The girls, in the meantime, put their names on Chris's boats, changed the papers in the crow's nest and sent post cards back home to their friends who were members of the A.P.P.A.: The Advancement of Pilgrims and Puritans to America. Upon reaching America Nina and Pinta married and settled down to form such organizations as the F.H.B.A.: The Future Home Builders of America, W.F.W.: Witch for a Week and Local Union 573. The next few years remained quiet with the exception of one maniac who kept riding through town at 3 A.M. on Saturday nights and an occasional bomb bursting in air. Nobody knows whatever became of Santa. It seems, that shortly after arriving to America she was invited to a turkey dinner under a tree and there met an Indian chief named Claus. They were married thus establishing an early American tradition. Santa's sisters, Nina and Pinta, made the papers quite frequently. They made cover girls for Benjie' Frank's magazine the "Toast." Nina and Pinta, it seems, were busy throwing tea parties in all the Boston hot spots.

They clubs followed along the same track for the next few years without much change. In 1734 Martha Washington established the N.C.T.G.A.: The National Cherry Tree Growers of America. Following the advice of her husband George, who warned against foreign entanglement, Marthy closed the membership to only those people in America. Therefore, we see the pattern that was set for the founding of the United States. For years to come the population was to expand into an area that was much to small. And if it had not been for the efforts of Mrs. Thomas Jefferson, who tired of city life and wanted more room for her Garder Club, we still might be living in old original. Therefore, in 1803 Mrs. Jefferson had persuaded her husband, Thomas, to purchase a plot of land entitled the Louisnana Purchase. In 1864 Nancy Lincoln started an Appreciation of the Theater club and that following year Mrs. John Wilkes Boothe put on her first play, "The Life of Raymond Massey" portrayed by Abe Lincoln. The last organization to be formed for quite a period of time was formed by Mrs. Ulysses S. Grant, who founded the first A.A.: Alcoholics Anonymous.

Today the modern housewife has a variety of various Home Ec. activities to chose from. Plus the enormous number of clubs, the housewife has a large number of books to chose from: **Bombs Away** by Mrs. Harry Truman, **I Learned to Like Touch Football** by Jackie Kennedy, **Improve Your Golf at Your Country's Expense** by Mamie Eisenhower and **Twenty-Seven Ways to Commit Political Suicide** by Mrs. David Nixon. I should like to thank both you members and my mother for your co-operation.

BILL'S QUILL

Well hello out there. Welcome to "Bill's Quill." That's me, Bill Brackett, and I thought I could bring your way a little of the humor that has pleased these wide open ears lately.

A little gossip if you please . . . a certain sophomore has been walking around the last couple of weeks with a sore leg. He said he hurt it playing football, BUT, I have the word (from an unreliable source, of course) that he threw a cigarette into an open manhole and then stepped on it.

Another student (no names, this is all gossip) came to school the other day with a couple of broken fingers saying that he tried to put them through a door in a fit of anger, BUT, could it be that his last date, who looked so frail and gentle, was a professional wrestler?

It is my understanding that a certain girl called Jean is really named Wrinkled-Knees Tarr. How about that Jean?

Have you ever been to Egypt? Of course not, but that's the only way I could think of to lead into the next joke. Back to Egypt. The camel, a common-place animal in Egypt and in picture post cards portraying that country, seems to be a somber, sophisticated animal; BUT . . .

"Oh! the sexual desires of the camel
Are stronger than anyone thinks.
One night in a seizure of passion
He tried to make love to the Sphinx.
"Now the Sphinx is made out of sandstone
And rocks that outcrop, near the Nile,
Which accounts for the hump on the camel
And the Sphinx's inscrutable smile."

Spectator

How's that kiddies?

For those poetry fanatics who would like a little humor to go along with that serious one, here's a little limerick:

There once was a lady named Harris
That nothing seemed apt to embarrass
'Til the bathsalts she shook
In a tub that she took
Turned out to be plaster-of-Paris.

The slow readers are now allowed five (5) minutes to catch up . . . we'll wait.

And now to the dear faculty of PUCC. I believe that it is a general assumption around our campus that we are fortunate to have a very versatile and talented faculty and administrative staff. BUT, there seems to be a few hundred students who don't appreciate our "gems of humanity" as most of us do. This next bit of humor is dedicated to those students that they may laugh also.

There once was a student named Bessor
Whose knowledge grew lessor and lessor.
It at last grew so small
He knew nothing at all,
And today he's a college professor.

Here's a bit of sad news. It is rumored that Dr. Kenneth Wilson, beloved Biology and Genetics professor, will be leaving us next year. Word reached me that he has had an offer to appear on the Ed Sullivan Show as a comedian. Mr. Sullivan, in order to make Dr. Wilson feel more at home, will schedule the professor between a trained seal act and a mass demonstration of earthworm copulation. We'll miss ya, Doc.

There may be a romance in the fire. A certain CHM 109 student has discovered that when he writes the symbol for Calcium (Ca) and then writes Mr. Yaney's initials (NDY) behind it, he has a word . . . who's sweet on who?

Tom Binstock says (notice, no quotes) that Dr. Hartman is mad because certain college punks go around wearing beards which just ruin his (Dr. Hartman's) status symbol.

A personal note of thanks to Jay Senitza, Pete Frederixon, Bill Egan, Fred Isban, and Bruce Rankin, for the body-guard service they performed for this reporter a few weeks back. From the top of my heart to my bottom fellows, thanks.

That ends it for this time kiddies. I hope I've brought a little smile to some of your cheeks; to the rest, I hope your frown is wider. Remember . . .

In a kick, it's the distance.
In a cigarette, it's the taste.
In a rumble seat, it's impossible.

bye now

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About College Life, Campus Spirit, Etc.

by Walter Hartmann

Every so often, we worry about having it—campus spirit, that is. Every so often we tell each other that we must buckle down and brew it. And we look to the Student Affairs Officer—either to do it for us, or to blame him for its evaporation.

But what is it—200 proof college spirit?

Rah, rah, rah—yeah, team? Sophomores versus Freshmen? Slamming the administration? Dancing in the Lounge?

Well, yes, of course.

Education? Yes, that, too: credit hours, grade averages, outguessing the instructor, the magic rites of "studying for tests" (something like Indian rain dances). Learning "how to"—plumbing, getting along, adapting, enhancing employability.

All this—and still no "real" college spirit. Do we lack some miracle ingredient?

Let's try some definitions:

College is part of a university. The university is an institution. An institution is a social pattern to achieve some social purpose. The historical and basic function of the university—to be a community, a special community.

A community (hold on to your seats:) of scholars.

Scholar: a learner, a literate person; someone interested in and excited about knowledge of his world—for its own sake, for the fun of it.

Scholarship implies active interest, the conscious and deliberate exercise of freedom—to seek and to find.

No scholarship, no university, no college spirit.

What follows?

Grades and credits are incidental to the real purpose of the university. Baby - sitting services, entertainment, the marriage market, the social mobility ladder, and "how to," "cookbook" learning are interesting, attractive and valuable—but incidental to the basic purpose of the university.

The unique purpose, the real function? Contact with, community of scholars, seeking general understandings, together.

College spirit? When classes cease to be "classes" and become human relations among scholars. When such relations, such community pervade all college life; outside the classroom, too and especially. Informal contact of seeking scholars: in classroom, International Relations Club, the Gables, Operation Information—and gabbing over coffee and Coke (on matters not available, or not available like this, elsewhere).

Or, really informal—not worrying much over "how to"—not primarily concerned to "get along," to "adapt"—getting your teeth into the tough fringe areas of human knowledge and endeavor—intelligent controversy—rubbing brains together, scholars of all kinds and all levels:

ETCETERA, Purdue Calumet Discussion Group.

Started and run by student request. No qualification, except active interest in life and world, being prepared to exercise freedom to seek and to find—scholarship.

This is purpose, function, history of this group, which to spell out was my assignment.

Sample of subjects chewed on: Clergymen in politics. Poetry (with Tinkham). Society and biology (with Wilson). Blast the administration (with Elliott!). Radical pacifism (with the Chicago Quaker peace education secretary).

ETCETERA.

Watch the student bulletin board for the next meeting. You are welcome.

College spirit? Depends on you, doesn't it?

Dean Barbell Reports

Right? Onward! This is Dean Barbell bringing to you, the student body a report from the Student Council. With the elections behind us and the 1963 school year ahead the Council is faced with many new problems. The major problem facing the Student Council is a project which concerns the raising of enough money to have a Prom at the end of the year. The Student Council hopes to raise this money by having various sock hops throughout the year and a hayride which is planned for this Saturday. These activities have been planned by the Student Council in order to stimulate more spirit among the students. Excuse me, but I meant to say that these activities were planned by part of the Student Council, in that a large of the club presidents have failed to attend the schedualed meetings. At the present time, the Student Council is working out a better form of student insurance for the next semester. In the furture, the Council would like to establish new restrictions concerning the parking problem in the faculty lot. In order, to accomplish these goals the Student Council has decided to meet every Monday at 12 noon. At the meetings each problem is thoroughly discussed and is then voted on. Why at one meeting the Student Congress spent 30 minutes on trying to decide whether or not they should appropriate Bill Brackett and Sue Sable enough money to buy poster board. Seriously, due to the lack of attendance the Student Council was slow to start, but is gaining momentum with each oncoming week. "Students, feel free to bring any problems concerning the school to any meeting or if you want contact one of your class Senators and they will be glad to bring it up for you." One last word. If it rains the Saturday, the Hayride will be held the day before.

A man once said, "Let there be wine, women and song." Combine these with the high flying Eagle Brothers and you have the formula for the dance sponsored by the Auto Club. The lounge had been decorated with blue and white streamers on the ceiling and an aluminum covered ball hanging in the center. The music proved to be rather exceptional and the students responded by dancing up a storm. Besides the students from P.U.C.C. there were students from the U. of I. and St. Joseph's college. Jean and Joan Tarr, along with their dates Lawrence Radwin and Fred Isban, were seen walking in, but they were also seen walking out. Gayle Agler, Penny Gursanski and their dates, Carl Mueller and Jim Blaszkiewicz were spotted dancing at one time or another. From the stag lines Barry "Beachboy" Eldridge, Tim "The Man" Bodnar and Jack "The Ripper" Jackson wasted no time in making new acquaintances and steering them toward the dance floor. Barry "Call Me Q" Quigg confined the majority of his shy reserve time to the sidelines, while "Juice" Justac, favoring a bad leg, looked on with smiling approval. As the evening wore on and the dancers wore down one person, in particular, stood out from the rest. This person was John Suikola. At first, John could be seen dancing over by the band with P.U.C.C.'s own M.M., Marilyn Mayden, but as the time went by finding a girl to dance with wasn't always possible. This didn't stop John. No, if there weren't any girls available John could be seen dancing by himself. In fact, at one time he was seen dancing with a piece of crape paper. If you don't remember John he was the person feeding the dimes into the Pepsi machine between dances. This composed the setting for the majority of the evening along with an occasional yell, in the background from Johnson, "Hey buddy, lend me a dime. I gotta make a phone call." The evening was brought to a finale with a twist contest. Hirchel Sparber, Myrna Unger, Bill "The Kid" Gumbiner, Marge Skozen, _____ _____ and Marilyn Mayden twisted their way to the semi-finals. Out of the semi-finalists Hirchel Sparber and his date Myrna Unger were selected as the winners. Many thanks to the Eagle Brothers and here's hoping we see you at the next dance.

Letter From a Triple-Threat Grammarian

Dear sir; you never past me in grammar because you was prejudice but I got this here athaletic scholarship any way. Well, the other day I finely get to writing the rule's down so as I can alsways study it if they ever slip my mind.

1. Each pronoun agrees with their antecedent.
2. Just between you and I, case is important.
3. Verbs has to agree with their subjects.
4. Watch out for irregular verbs which has crope into our language.
5. Don't use no double negatives.
6. A writer mustn't shift your point of view.
7. When dangling, don't use participles.
8. Join clauses good, like a conjunction should.
9. Don't write a run-on sentence you got to punctuate it.
10. About sentence fragments.
11. In letter themes reports articles and stuff like that we use commas to keep a string of items apart.
12. Don't use commas, which aren't necessary.
13. Its important to use apostrophe's right.
14. Don't abbrev.
15. Check to see if you any words out.
16. In my opinion I think that an author when he is writing shouldn't get into the habit of making use of too many unnecessary words that he does not really need in order to put his message across.
17. In the case of a business letter, check it in terms of jargon.
18. About repitition, the repetition of a word might be real effective repitition—take, for instance, Abraham Lincoln.
19. As far as incomplete construction, they are wrong.
20. Last but not least, lay off cliches.

George W. Feinstein
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The Boilermaker Needs Your Help!

THE VIKING'S QUEST

The Artificial Night

A TRAVEL IMPRESSION
By David Meyer

The four of us got together about two weeks after graduation. The trip was a promise to ourselves, a vow to get together for relaxation and run. Our four years of high school—three of which we spent together in a military school—were behind us, and before the fall and college could rush upon us again, we would enjoy our freedom. In the North, Fred took a train from Ohio to Kentucky where he joined Penn, and the two of them drove down to Tennessee. It was there they met Bob and stayed with him several days before driving on to Florida. Their destination was Miami, and they made it (and several speeding fines) in less than two days. I was in Miami in my yard waiting for them, tramping about the sandy lot with its small patches of new grass just laid the week before. For some reason I could no longer stand the air-conditioned interior of the house with its new furniture and faint smell of recent construction. Also, nearby Miami lost its interest for me with the arrival of the Cubans with their childish naivete of our way of life, their proud refusal of it, and their language and habitude ensconced in a city once dazzling with a bright-lighted falsity for impressionable tourists and now a haven for immigrants of a small-time revolution. Barely had the crimson sun settled far behind the slightly swaying silhouette of the everglades when my friends arrived, tired and travel soiled, but jolly just the same.

It was summer; it was hot, and we laughed and joked as they walked tenderly to the house, careful that their luggage wouldn't touch their sunburned legs, red as glowing coals, exposed for the first time to air and light in wild colored shorts that hung droopingly from their tall, slim bodies. Clumsy introductions were exchanged between my parents and them and then more jokes and tales of the trip, then showers, change of clothes, and all of us together again. We were happy with money in our pockets and plenty of time on our hands.

By late night—the first strike of the new day—we were dressed in light sport coats and slacks that rubbed their baked skin raw. Fred drove, a bit cautious from experience with Florida police, with Penn in the front and Bob, his long legs uncomfortably cramped, sat in the back seat with me.

We drove through sleeping Cuban Miami, soft and beautiful in the humid, sub-tropic night. Past the empty luxury hotels, the import shops, and by the park where the Dinner Key Auditorium rocked with the dancing and laughter of Miami High seniors finally having their own much-awaited and worked-for graduation prom. Over the causeway the slight breeze stirring across the quivering dark waters of Biscayne Bay blew violently against our speeding car. Bob, his long dark hair flying in the wake of the wind, kept us awake and laughing with wise and witty remarks quoted freely from poetry and Playboy. Off the causeway, the night vanished into an artificial daylight emitted from countless neon signs topping and hanging from each towering hotel and illuminating every foot of each block of the main thoroughfare skirted on either side by businesses large and small, the fashionable and cut-rate and crowded into blocks, blocks into miles, far along the inland and shoreline of the island. We drove with wide-eyed stares and boyish expressions, our once proud airs fallen off guard under the glaring garishness of the scene.

The early Friday morning hours were alive with people on the streets and beaches and in the shops and were lining the porches of the less fashionable resort and residential hotels. We drove slowly, watching the crowded shops and streets filled with gaudy overdressed tourists that fingered the imported souvenirs stuffed into paint-worn shelves outside the gift shops—plastic crucifixes stuck amidst tawdry painted shells wired for light, made in Japan and displaying a "Souvenir of beautiful Miami Beach, Florida" decal on their plaster bases. Inside the shops would be luggage and radios offered at discounts or silk scarves and towels brightly pictured with palm trees and pink flamingoes or a bosomy young lady happily chased by a well-scrubbed alligator—all watched over by a squatty little merchant caressing a saliva soaked cigar between swollen, tobacco-stained lips.

On the streets would roam casually-dressed old men shuffling along on hairless legs holding on to one another or to their balding wives' fat fleshed arms, day after day and late every night, talking and strolling and remembering. The street corners boasted drug stores with cluttered windows containing dust covered sun-tan creams and lotions and beach accessories dotted with corpses of trapped insects once attracted by the light. At the counter, at that late hour, would be drowsy bellboys on coffee breaks or teen-agers and the middle-aged, dungaree-dressed men out for excitement. Parading around, young Cuban whores dressed in skin tight leotards and supporting suitcase sized handbags would beam apprehensive smiles for likely patrons.

The hours passed as we drove, and the scenes changed as we rode from one end of the island to the other until the hotels were smaller, less lighted, less fancy yet fascinating. We turned and took another boulevard back into the midst of the bright lights. We decided to have something to eat and afterwards—(after sandwiches piled high with kosher corn beef and twenty-five cent cokes from the bottle)—we stopped before a large hotel with its French title shining in blue neon under the star cluttered sky above. We parked off the boulevard and walked over, dodging the long, lustry limousines that drove sleekly before the attendant crowded entrance. Inside, by way of a side door, we walked around the lobby, its plush and polish slightly dull to our overtired bodies. Through an open door we ventured into a large banquet hall, dark and empty except for several hundred chairs crowded randomly around long smeared dining tables. Far down was a stage, its curtain open, exposing the naked innards of pulleys and back drops that go into theater productions and charity benefits. We returned to the lobby and watched the crowd of fancy dresses and tuxedoes move quickly about MORE ... MORE ... MORE .... MOR their ways to the dining rooms or cocktail lounge where faint sounds of a jazz group barely crept up from the floor below us. We could see in each other's eyes a weariness that called a mutual agreement to end the day.

Once outside, we paused for a moment to watch the file of big cars roll into the waiting arms of tip-hungry attendants that swarmed around each car with bowing gestures and respectful lowering of eyes as the doors were opened. Out would come the fancy dress with jewels hung about the neck, wrists and fingers, sparkling beneath the glaring overhead lights. Powdered cheeks, forehead and neck, and ruby tinted lips straining a smile for anyone caring to look. From the driver's seat came the tuxedo and balding head with tired eyes circled with loose bags of flesh and also a smile, forced and strained at the corners of the mouth and mind, troubled at all the money that would pass from his hands that night. For a moment they would stand together beneath the shining lights and then ushered into the crowd and gone as the next car stopped before the glimmering entrance.

There is always the exception. For some reason we stood awhile and watched, amid the whispering curses of tired doormen who had lonely wives in bed and children fatherless for the night. The cars came and jewels and smiles were flashed and gone, one after another. And then something different. Out of a car stepped a young girl, sixteen years old, we guessed, with nothing but an unmade-up beauty and a smile as fresh as her small body, escorted by a young fellow, nineteen, we guessed, wearing a rented tuxedo filled with his father's easy earned money and a frown (for we were staring at his prize) as cold and hard as the smiles on the bald men's faces, practiced to perfection. And then they too were gone, and we left soon after.

On the way home, the cloudless sky, still star filled and black as the water that caressed each flank of the causeway, we sat deep in the cool leather cushions of the car with our ties flying in the wind and our jackets crumbled in our laps as the radio blared an all too familiar tune.

Together Once Again

I'll reach out for you and I'll draw you near;
I'll carress you, my darling, and whisper in your ear;
I'll kiss you, my darling, and my heart you'll hear.
That's what I'll do when I see you.
You'll come to me with a heart so true;
You'll return my kiss as you always do;
You'll ask me, Darling, why it is I love you.
That's what you'll do when you see me.
I'll remind you, Darling, of your soft, warm hair;
I'll tell you of your features fair;
I'll mention then your lips always there.
That's what I'll do when you ask me.
You'll smile and your face will become so bright;
Your eyes will shine with a fervent light;
You'll squeeze me, Darling, oh, so tight.
That's what you'll do when I reply.
I'll kiss you passionately and then I'll say good-bye;
I'll reassure you with a smile to see that you don't cry;
I'll turn from you and leave you then; my heart will almost die.
That, my darling, is what I'll do when I must go.
You too will feel your happiness fly;
You too will feel as if you must die;
You too will feel a warm tear within your eye.
That's what you'll do when I must go.
I'll think of how my heart did soar;
I'll recall my seeing you once more;
I'll reminisce my taking not one kiss but four.
That's what I'll do when I leave you.
I'll cry myself to sleep at night;
I'll hide your picture from my sight;
I know I'll lose my tormenting fight.
That's what I'll do when I've left you.
But in time, my darling, learn to have no fear,
For I'll always be with you, standing near,
And in my heart you shall always be dear.
That's how it will be 'til we're together once again.

Mardau Renrob Ankost

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Candy Bag Snatchers

For mischief my buddy and I, Bill Bracket was his name,
Had dressed up like werewolf's to execute our game.
We had planned many weeks before the gag to top all gage;
We would scare the little kids and steal their candy bags!
We decided we would scare them with a grunt, a howl, and hoot,
And after we had finished, we then would share the loot.
We proceeded to the north woods, so eerie, dark, and still,
And waited for the little kids; then we could have our fill.
We joked and laughed about the future when we would tell our tale;
The setting it was perfect; our plan it could not fail!
The pumpkins were all shining; the moon was full up high,
And then we heard an eerie sound, just like the werewolf's cry.
We gritted our teeth, we clenched our fists, we shivered on the path,
For we had no intentions of coming upon the werewolf's wrath!
But then we looked at one another and laughed with joyfull glee.
"Why should we be fearful of something we cannot see?"
We then waited patiently for the little kids to arrive,
But then again that awful noise, so eerie, man-o-live.
It gave us such an eerie feeling; it chilled us to the bone;
Then we started to turn chicken; we wanted to go home!
Suddenly we saw the little kids, so colorfully dressed,
And then we knew right then and there our show must be its best.
We waited for them secretly; their candy bags were full.
We watched them very silently; our mouths began to droll.
We waited for the moment when they would round the bend.
Oh, I must admit it, it was the very end!
We jumped into the clearing and let out an eerie sound,
And when the dust had cleared away, we picked the candy off the ground.
We laughed about our victory and headed back into the weeds.
We decided this was fun—we liked performing dirty deeds.
But then we heard a repitition of that ecrie werewolf call,
And when we turned to look—there it stood, so hugh and tall!
We did not even pause a moment; we broke into a run;
This candy-gaining scheme of ours proved no longer fun.
We did not even pause a moment, not even back to look,
But if we had, I'm very sure we would have caught a crook,
For after I had been home some time my dad came in the door
And piled heaps of candy upon the frontroom floor.
I did not even ask him where he got it from,
But I think I know the answer—boy, what a dirty bum!
Whether 'twas my dad or not—to this day I do not know,
But walking through the woods at night I never eveer go!

Mardau Renrob Ankost

Dunkenburger

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BOILERMAKERS WELCOME!

THE *Light* REFRESHMENT

Are You Really Protected?

Recently, a PUCC student was seriously injured in an auto accident. While discussing her plight with several friends, we came to the matter of insurance. Did she have any? If so, how much? Unfortunatily, she had her student insurance plan appilcation filled out, but she hadn't sent it to the company. My friends and I were quite shaken up. This could easily have been us. Then someone asked how much coverage I had. I answered that I had bought the student insurance but that I didn't know how well I was covered by my parents policies. So that night I checked. I have at home a very comfortable coverage. However, it stops once I reach the age of nineteen. This I didn't know; and when I mentioned it to my parents, they were surprised although later they remembered having been told this. The next day I told my friends, who all said they felt they were covered. But I asked them to check. They did and found out that some were without any coverage and that some were about to become ineligible for what they had.

This year's PUCC plan covers only costs arising from accidents, not from sickness. However, printed with this article are three insurance plans, one of which may be offered to us next year. Personally, I think the University Life plan is the best. But you look them over well, decide, and then let people like Hubbard or Eliot know which you prefer. And also, you might let your parents know that you may not be covered by any accident or sickness insurance.

Tom Binstosk

"I'M A GIRL!"

by Rosanne Smith

This isn't just an observation that anyone might tell you. Oh! No! This detailed biological fact could only originate from the lips of none other than Karen Hamacher of PUCC. Now Karen can't be classified as just an anybody—heavens above!—; she must be critically observed for an extensive period of time; then she must be analyzed objectively. I tried on various occasions and am humbly reporting that I was unable to accomplish any relative gain. Because of this my report shows as follows:

Major—English

Classification — Second semester freshman

Main Activity—Eating

Official Capacities—President of "The Gables"

Main Interests—Water-skiing, ice skating, swimming, and snow-skiing

Future Plans—Marriage in nearby future and completion of college in California

Place Most Likely to be Seen—Cafeteria

As my investigation progressed, Karen let slip a few remarks on which I will hurriedly conclude my report. Concerning her talents, Karen states, "I think I should be a fun instructor." When asked what she meant, her first words were, "It's the type of thing you can't write about." As an explanation for this, I asked Karen if she might go into a bit more detail. For my reply, Karen expounds further, "I like to get outside and have fun." As I see it, there is only one way to finish this report.

CONCLUSION—A fun-loving girl with a great personality.

University Life - Campus Plan

General—Benefits

Pays 1st $750 of eligible expenses and 75% of additional eligible expenses incurred **while hospital confined** subject to an overall limit of $5000 of insurance benefits. Expenses to be eligible must be incurred within 52 weeks of accident or illness causing medical expense. Psychiatric expenses are eligible only if incurred in Wabash Valley Hospital, West Lafayette.

Accidents

Eligible expenses arising from an accident include treatment by physician or surgeon, confinement in hospital, miscellaneous hospital charges for X-rays, operating room charges, anesthesia services, laboratory fees, drugs, medicines, appliances, blood or blood plasma and dressings, use of local ambulance, employment of licensed nurse, and dental treatment required by injury to natural teeth.

Limits are: Dental treatment—$225; Room & Board in Hospital—Semiprivate rate; Surgery—Schedule, $225 max.

Sickness—In Patient

If, because of sickness, the Insured requires continuous hospital confinement, the Company will pay the following expenses incurred during such confinement: room and board, miscellaneous hospital expenses including X-rays, operating room charges, laboratory fees, drugs, medicines, appliances, blood or blood plasma and dressings, use of local ambulance, treatment by a physician and employment of a licensed nurse.

Limits are: Room & Board in Hospital—Semiprivate rate; Surgery—Schedule, $225 max.; Doctors calls—$5 per day.

Sickness—Out Patient

Company will pay for surgery in accordance with the surgical schedule, subject to maximum of $225.

Whenever anesthesia service is not available as a hospital service, the Company will pay the physician administering such service up to 20% of the surgical benefit (in connection with surgery performed in or out of the hospital.)

Exclusions

Exclusions include expenses arising out of inter-collegiate sports, on-the-job injuries, treatment in any government hospital, psychiatric treatment not in a hospital, cosmetic surgery except as a result of injury, preventive medicines and vaccines, out-patient drugs or medications unless required as a result of an injury and prescribed by a physician, dental treatment (except to the extent required by injury to natural teeth), the services of a Chiropractor, Chiropodist or Podiatrist, childbirth, pregnancy, miscarriage, expense incurred outside the United States and Canada, and aviation accidents other than to passengers on a certified aircraft piloted by a licensed pilot.

Estimated Cost

$25 per student for twelve months, $17 per student for 2nd semester and summer session, $9 per student for summer session.

ZURICH PROPOSAL

Benefits

In Patient. While the Insured is hospital confined because of accident or sickness, Company will pay following expenses incurred within a 26 week period to a maximum of $2000 per injury or sickness:

1. Room and board at semiprivate rate.
2. Miscellaneous other hospital expenses.
3. Surgery, subject to schedule with $250 maximum.
4. Administration of anesthesia—up to 25% of the surgical benefit.
5. Treatment to sound natural teeth, if caused by accident.
6. Ambulance service.
7. Registered graduate nurse.
8. Doctors calls—up to $5.00 per day.

Out Patient

1. Surgery, subject to schedule with $250 maximum.
2. Hospital Emergency Room charges within 24 hours following injury caused by accident, subject to $25 maximum.

Exclusions

Exclusions include expenses arising out of war, service in armed forces, treatment in any government hospital, on-the-job injuries, inter-collegiate sports, preventive medicines or vaccines, cosmetic surgery except as the result of injury, dental treatment except as explained above, eye glass replacement and prescriptions therefor, pregnancy, childbirth, miscarriage, and aviation accidents other than to passengers on scheduled commercial airlines.

Premium—Estimated

$16.00 per student for the School Year, $21.00 per student for twelve months.

GUARANTEE TRUST PROPOSAL

Accidents

The Company will pay up to $1000 per accident for any of the following expenses incurred within 52 weeks from the date of accident (payment is unallocated):

1. Medical and surgical treatment by a physician.
2. Hospital confinement and licensed nurse's services.
3. Misc. hospital expenses—such as drugs, medicines, etc.
4. Dental treatment made necessary by injury to natural teeth.
5. Ambulance expense.

Sickness

The Company will pay the following expenses for any one illness:

1. Hospital room and board—up to $15 per day. (Max. 30 days.)
2. Misc. hospital services (In Patient), including X-rays, drugs, medicines, laboratory tests, anesthesia, operating room, and temporary surgical appliances, up to $100.
3. Misc. hospital services (Out Patient) same as itemized in No. 2, except drugs and medicines, up to $20.
4. Surgery subject to schedule with maximum of $225.
5. Ambulance up to $15.
6. Doctor's calls in hospital up to $5 per call and subject to overall limit of $75.

Exclusions

Exclusions include expenses arising out of on-the-job injuries, dental treatment (except as otherwise provided and then only when injury occurs to sound natural teeth), treatment in any government hospital, war, service in the armed forces of any country, aviation accidents other than to passengers on commercial scheduled airlines, eye examinations or the fitting of glasses, preventive medicines and vaccines, pregnancy, childbirth, miscarriage, expense incurred more than 52 weeks after date of accident or first medical treatment in the event of sickness, and injury or sickness for which the student is undergoing treatment prior to the effective date of the policy.

Estimated Cost

$13.50 per student for the school year. $21.00 per student for twelve months.

Who's Renoir?

Well, if you don't know the answer to that question, you don't know much about painting; and if you don't know much about painting and Renoir, you certainly don't belong to the Gablees Club. At the present time, painting is the current object of discussion among the members of the club. It may be that you are interested in music or travel; in that case, this club is for you, too. It might interest you to know a few of the recent activities that The Gables has participated in or sponsored.

On October the seventh, the majority of members in The Gables went to the Chicago Art Institute to attend the Versailles Exhibit. Besides viewing the treasures on display in this exhibit, the students were able to examine and discuss various other galleries in the Institute. Many of the paintings had been discussed previously in the meetings making the actual paintings much more interesting. Instead of the fifty-cent charge which was being asked for for the general public, the club members has only to pay twenty-five cents.

On October 24, the Gables held an open house in Room 7 and had as their guest speaker, Mr. Charles Tinkham. Cookies, candy, and coffee were offered as refreshments. The speaker, Mr. Tinkham, read poetry, both his own and other authors, as well as adding informative remarks on style and content. Because of the demand for the return of Mr. Tinkham once more to the spotlight with his delightful program, on November 16 he held the floor for the "Books and Coffee Hour" time. This was also held in Room 7 at noon.

Elections were reeently held at a Gables meeting and these officers now hold the position of members of the executive board for Gables:

President—Karen Hamacher

Vice-President — Nancylee Richmond

Secretary—Rosanne Smith

Treasurer—Bob Mrva

The Boilermaker Needs Your Help!

Construction of . . .

(Continued from Page One)

the first time many Purdue Calumet students will enter the main building by the front door.

Other sections of the new construction will come into use during the semester. All of it will be equipped and used during summer school--air conditioned, too!

As moves are made into the new building portions of the first building will be vacated for remodeling and refurbishing. Classrooms will be relighted and air conditioned. Corridors will be tiled, receive new floors and be more brightly lighted. Room 111 will be rebuilt. Admissions and registration offices will be built in what is now the student lounge. The student affairs office takes over a remodeled area that is now admissions and registration. More space will become available as moves are completed for activities. But with all the shuffling it is likely that summer will be a time of some confusion.

To top it all off, next fall when school opens for the 1963-1964 year, you'll come to the full facility all set and ready for you. **And every room in the place will be renumbered!**

The Son of J. Brevity

The terror of the Purdue Calumet Center has returned to haunt these sacred halls of ivy. With the passing of J. Brevity and his critical essays of years gone by, a new figure has emerged to occupy the position held so nobly by the original J. Brevity—namely me, J. Brevity II.

Although many people seem to feel that this year's freshmen class is more spirited, I firmly believe that they are just as egotistical, ill-informed, and lost in their goals as all the preceding freshmen classes. They rant and rage at Student Congress meetings, scream for equal representation in the **Boilermaker,** and generally make a lot of noise, but they fail to take any action on their feelings. As this year passes, I sincerely hope they can grow up and follow their words with action.

I see that the "outside factions" at PUCC are giving us "their" outstanding support with the newspaper again this year. "They" are always encouraging the staff with "their" helpful little hints—such as don't bother the falculty, cafeteria, or administration, etc.

I heard that the **Boilermaker** is going to revive the old idea of featuring a falculty member in each issue of the newspaper. This seems to me to be an excellent way of furthering the cause of student-teacher relationships.

Well that's about all for now. More comments from me will appear later.

J. Brevity II

COMING SOON— The Boilermaker Manifesto